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Moon for Sale

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GREY OF THE GROUND

No, it's not fear
Grey on the ground.
Only a shadow behind me,
At my side, all around;
It's weariness
Ignorance
Blindness in me.
I need no needle and thread
To bind so faithfully.
It knows where I'm led
A mocking facsimile
I've come to ignore
For I cannot unchain the free.
I wait in the shade
For the sun to go down
Melting shadows to one
I let it go, without a sound.
There's something I should have done
But now I walk alone
Or so,
Until tomorrow's sun.

— *Heather Gilbert*

MOON FOR SALE

A mystical night.
A pandering Galileo
peddled peeks at the moon
singing out, "Fifty cents
for five minutes."

The moon posed prettily
showing its best side;
A silvery orb
poised in space
by a Superb Juggler.

An earthbound puddle
captured the moon
until a playful child
shattered it into
a thousand crystal wavelets.

Patiently, the moon
recaptured its many pieces
and returned them
to a unified whole
to float again
on a windless surface.

— *Robert L. Gockman*